

# PD Poetry for August 2018



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*RAIN* by ALFRED KREYMBORG

It's all very well for you  
suddenly to withdraw  
and say, I'll come again,  
but what of the bruises you've left,  
what of the green and the blue,  
the yellow, purple and violet?--  
don't you be telling us,  
I'm innocent of these,  
irresponsible of happenings--  
didn't we see you steal next to her,  
tenderly,  
with your silver mist about you  
to hide your blandishment?--  
now, what of what followed, eh?--  
we saw you hover close,  
caress her,  
open her pore-cups,  
make a cross of her,  
quickly penetrate her--  
she opening to you,  
engulfing you,  
every limb of her,  
bud of her, pore of her?--  
don't call these things, kisses--  
mouth-kisses, hand-kisses,  
elbow, knee and toe,  
and let it go at that--  
disappear and promise  
what you'll never perform:  
we've known you to slink away  
until drought-time,  
drooping-time,  
withering-time:  
we've caught you crawling off  
into winter-time,  
try to cover what you've done  
with a long white scarf--  
your own frozen tears  
(likely phrase!)  
and lilt your,  
I'll be back in spring!  
Next spring, and you know it,  
she won't be the same,  
though she may look the same  
to you from where you are,  
and invite you down again!

From: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *American Poetry, 1922*, by Various

## ALA PROMENADE.

The milky sky, the hazy, slender trees,  
Seem smiling on the light costumes we wear,--  
Our gauzy floating veils that have an air  
Of wings, our satins fluttering in the breeze.

And in the marble bowl the ripples gleam,  
And through the lindens of the avenue  
The sifted golden sun comes to us blue  
And dying, like the sunshine of a dream.

Exquisite triflers and deceivers rare,  
Tender of heart, but little tied by vows,  
Deliciously we dally 'neath the boughs,  
And playfully the lovers plague the fair.

Receiving, should they overstep a point,  
A buffet from a hand absurdly small,  
At which upon a gallant knee they fall  
To kiss the little finger's littlest joint.

And as this is a shocking liberty,  
A frigid glance rewards the daring swain,--  
Not quite o'erbalancing with its disdain  
The red mouth's reassuring clemency.

From: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems of Paul Verlaine*, translated by Gertrude Hall

GOING DOWN CHUNG-NAN MOUNTAIN AND  
SPENDING THE NIGHT DRINKING  
WITH THE HERMIT T'OU-SSÜ

At dusk we left the blue mountain-head;  
The mountain-moon followed our homeward steps.  
We looked round: the path by which we had come  
Was a dark cleft across the shoulder of the hill.  
Hand in hand we reached the walls of the farm;  
A young boy opened the wicker-gate.  
Through green bamboos a deep road ran  
Where dark creepers brushed our coats as we passed.  
We were glad at last to come to a place of rest,  
With wine enough to drink together to our fill,  
Long I sang to the tune of the Pine-tree Wind;  
When the song was over, the River-stars[46] were few.  
I was drunk and you happy at my side;  
Till mingled joy drove the World from our hearts.

[46] Stars of the Milky Way.

From: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Poet Li Po*, by Arthur Waley and Bai Li

## EVENING

The light passes  
from ridge to ridge,  
from flower to flower--  
the hypaticas, wide-spread  
under the light  
grow faint--  
the petals reach inward,  
the blue tips bend  
toward the bluer heart  
and the flowers are lost.

The cornel-buds are still white,  
but shadows dart  
from the cornel-roots--  
black creeps from root to root,  
each leaf  
cuts another leaf on the grass,  
shadow seeks shadow,  
then both leaf  
and leaf-shadow are lost.

From: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Sea Garden*, by Hilda Doolittle

## MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT

When morning shows her first faint flush,  
I think of the tender blush  
That crept so gently to your cheek  
When first my love I dared to speak;  
How, in your glance, a dawning ray  
Gave promise of love's perfect day.

When, in the ardent breath of noon,  
The roses with passion swoon;  
There steals upon me from the air  
The scent that lurked within your hair;  
I touch your hand, I clasp your form--  
Again your lips are close and warm.

When comes the night with beauteous skies,  
I think of your tear-dimmed eyes,  
Their mute entreaty that I stay,  
Although your lips sent me away;  
And then falls memory's bitter blight,  
And dark--so dark becomes the night.

From: Project Gutenberg's *Fifty years & Other Poems*, by James Weldon Johnson

# SUMMER

## (AN ODE)

Now like a pageant of the Golden Year  
In rich memorial pomp the hours go by,  
With rose-embroidered flags unfurled  
And tasselled bugles calling through the world  
Wake, for your hope draws near!  
Wake, for in each soft porch of azure sky,  
Seen through each arch of pale green leaves, the Gate  
Of Eden swings apart for Summer's royal state.

Ah, when the Spirit of the moving scene  
Has entered in, the splendour will be spent!  
The flutes will cease, the gates will close;  
Only the scattered crimson of the rose,  
The wild wood's hapless queen,  
Dis-kingdomed, will declare the way he went;  
And, in a little while, her court will go,  
Pass like a cloud and leave no trace on earth below.

Tell us no more of Autumn, the slow gold  
Of fruitage ripening in a world's decay,  
The falling leaves, the moist rich breath  
Of woods that swoon and crumble into death  
Over the gorgeous mould:  
Give us the flash and scent of keen-edged May  
Where wastes that bear no harvest yield their bloom,  
Rude crofts of flowering nettle, bents of yellow broom.

The very reeds and sedges of the fen  
Open their hearts and blossom to the sky;  
The wild thyme on the mountain's knees  
Unrolls its purple market to the bees;  
Unharvested of men  
The Traveller's Joy can only smile and die.  
Joy, joy alone the throbbing whitethroats bring,  
Joy to themselves and heaven! They were but born to sing!

And see, between the northern-scented pines,  
The whole sweet summer sharpens to a glow!  
See, as the well-spring plashes cool  
Over a shadowy green fern-fretted pool  
The mystic sunbeam shines  
For one mad moment on a breast of snow  
A warm white shoulder and a glowing arm

Up-flung, where some swift Undine sinks in shy alarm.

And if she were not all a dream, and lent  
Life for a little to your own desire,  
Oh, lover in the hawthorn lane,  
Dream not you hold her, or you dream in vain!  
The violet, spray-besprent  
When from that plunge the rainbows flashed like fire,  
Will scarce more swiftly lose its happy dew  
Than eyes which Undine haunts will cease to shine on you.

What though the throstle pour his heart away,  
A happy spendthrift of uncounted gold,  
Swinging upon a blossomed briar  
With soft throat lifted in a wild desire  
To make the world his may.  
Ever the pageant through the gates is rolled  
Further away; in vain the rich notes throng  
Flooding the mellow noon with wave on wave of song.

The feathery meadows like a lilac sea,  
Knee-deep, with honeyed clover, red and white,  
Roll billowing: the crisp clouds pass  
Trailing their soft blue shadows o'er the grass;  
The skylark, mad with glee,  
Quivers, up, up, to lose himself in light;  
And, through the forest, like a fairy dream  
Through some dark mind, the ferns in branching beauty stream.

Enough of joy! A little respite lend,  
Summer, fair god that hast so little heed  
Of these that serve thee but to die,  
Mere trappings of thy tragic pageantry!  
Show us the end, the end!  
We too, with human hearts that break and bleed,  
March to the night that rounds their fleeting hour,  
And feel we, too, perchance but serve some loftier Power.

O that our hearts might pass away with thee,  
Burning and pierced and full of thy sweet pain,  
Burst through the gates with thy swift soul,  
Hunt thy most white perfection to the goal,  
Nor wait, once more to see  
Thy chalice lilies rotting in the rain,  
Thy ragged yellowing banners idly hung  
In woods that have forgotten all the songs we sung!

Peace! Like a pageant of the Golden Year  
In rich memorial pomp the hours go by,



With rose-embroidered flags unfurled  
And tasselled bugles calling through the world  
Wake, for your hope draws near!  
Wake, for in each soft porch of azure sky,  
Seen through each arch of pale green leaves, the Gate  
Of Eden swings apart for Summer's royal state.\_

Not wait! Forgive, forgive that feeble cry  
Of blinded passion all unworthy thee!  
For here the spirit of man may claim  
A loftier vision and a nobler aim  
Than e'er was born to die:  
Man only, of earth, throned on Eternity,  
From his own sure abiding-place can mark  
How earth's great golden dreams go past into the dark.

From: The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Collected Poems, Vol. 1*, by Alfred Noyes

## THE SONG

That day, in the slipping of torsos and straining flanks  
on the bloodied ooze of fields plowed by the iron,  
And the smoke bluish near earth and bronze in the sunshine  
floating like cotton-down,  
And the harsh and terrible screaming,  
And that strange vibration at the roots of us...  
Desire, fierce, like a song...  
And we heard  
(Do you remember?)  
All the Red Cross bands on Fifth avenue  
And bugles in little home towns  
And children's harmonicas bleating

America!

And after...  
(Do you remember?)  
The drollery of the wind on our faces,  
And horizons reeling,  
And the terror of the plain  
Heaving like a gaunt pelvis to the sun...  
Under us--threshing and twanging  
Torn-up roots of the Song...

from: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Ghetto and Other Poems*, by Lola Ridge

## ON THE SEA.

It keeps eternal whisperings around  
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell  
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell  
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.  
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,  
That scarcely will the very smallest shell  
Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,  
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.  
O ye! who have your eyeballs vexed and tired,  
Feast them upon the wideness of the sea;  
O ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,  
Or fed too much with cloying melody,--  
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood  
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!

JOHN KEATS.

From: Project Gutenberg's *The Land of Song, Book III*, by Katherine H. Shute

## DEW

As dew leaves the cobweb lightly  
Threaded with stars,  
Scattering jewels on the fence  
And the pasture bars;  
As dawn leaves the dry grass bright  
And the tangled weeds  
Bearing a rainbow gem  
On each of their seeds;  
So has your love, my lover,  
Fresh as the dawn,  
Made me a shining road  
To travel on,  
Set every common sight  
Of tree or stone  
Delicately alight  
For me alone.

From: The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Love Songs*, by Sara Teasdale



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